

DYNAMITETM
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MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis

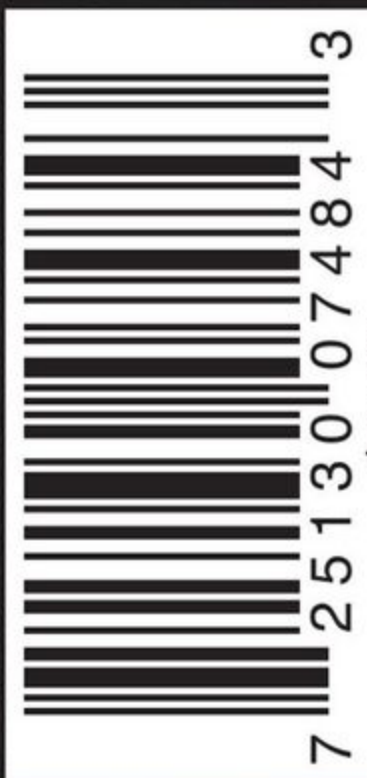
Darick Robertson

The BOYSTM

EIGHT



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Garth Ennis

Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

EIGHT

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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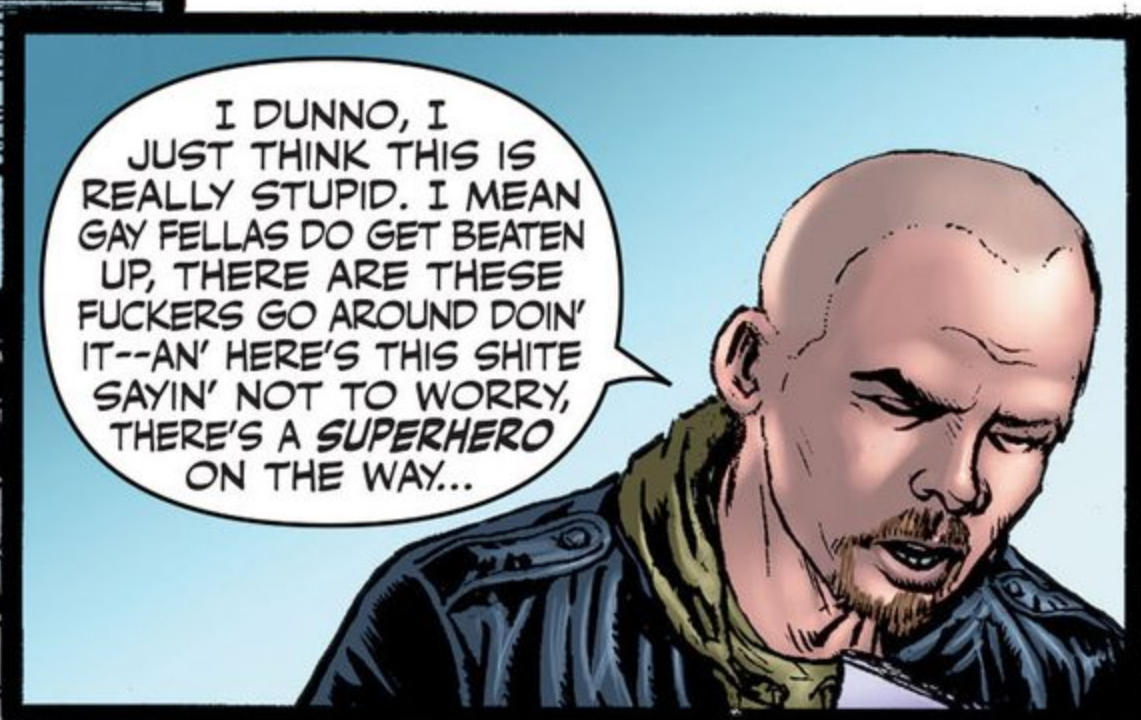
...**NO ONE**--
IN **BOLD**--HAS THE
RIGHT--IN **BOLD**--
TO TELL **YOU**--IN
BOLD--HOW TO LIVE
YOUR **LIFE**--IN
BOLD...

IF YOU'RE
GAY--IN **BOLD**--
THEN THAT IS
WHO YOU **ARE**--
IN **BOLD**...

AN' THEN
LATER ON THE KID
GETS QUEERBASHED,
RIGHT? AN' SWINGWING
GOES AFTER THE GUYS AN'
KNOCKS THE FUCK OUTTA
THEM, AN' HE'S GOIN'...I HOPE
THIS **HURTS**--IN **BOLD**--
EVERY BIT AS **MUCH**--IN
BOLD--AS WHAT YOU **DID**--
IN **BOLD**--TO THAT
BOY--IN **BOLD**...

I MEAN IN
WHAT WEIRD FUCKIN'
PARALLEL UNIVERSE
HAS ANYTHING LIKE
THIS EVER HAPPENED
TO ANYONE, WOULD
YOU TELL ME?

GET SOME
part two





IS THIS--?

KID THE LEGEND WANTS US LOOKIN' INTO. SAYS HE WAS FUCKIN' THE REAL-LIFE SWINGWING.

POOR BASTARD...

AW SHITE, THIS IS THE SORTA THING I'M GONNA HAVE TO GET USED TO, ISN'T IT?

YEP.



NAME OF DECEASED, STEPHEN RUBENSTEIN. AGED EIGHTEEN, STUDENT AT N.Y.U., APPARTMENT IN GRAMERCY BUT SPENT THE ODD WEEKEND WITH MUM IN YONKERS...A VERY NICE PART OF YONKERS...

PARENTS DIVORCED, DAD OVERSEAS, BENT AS A NINE-BOB NOTE AN' DEAD: FELL OFF THE ROOF OF A BUILDIN' AN' HIT NINTH AVENUE SIX STOREYS LATER.

NOTHIN' IN HERE TO SUGGEST FOUL PLAY AT ALL-- WHICH MIGHT EXPLAIN WHY THE PLOD WEREN'T OVERLY INTERESTED...



EIGHTEEN.

THEN AGAIN, NO DRUGS, NO ALCOHOL. NO HISTORY OF MENTAL ILLNESS, NO TROUBLE AT COLLEGE OR WITH HIS MATES.

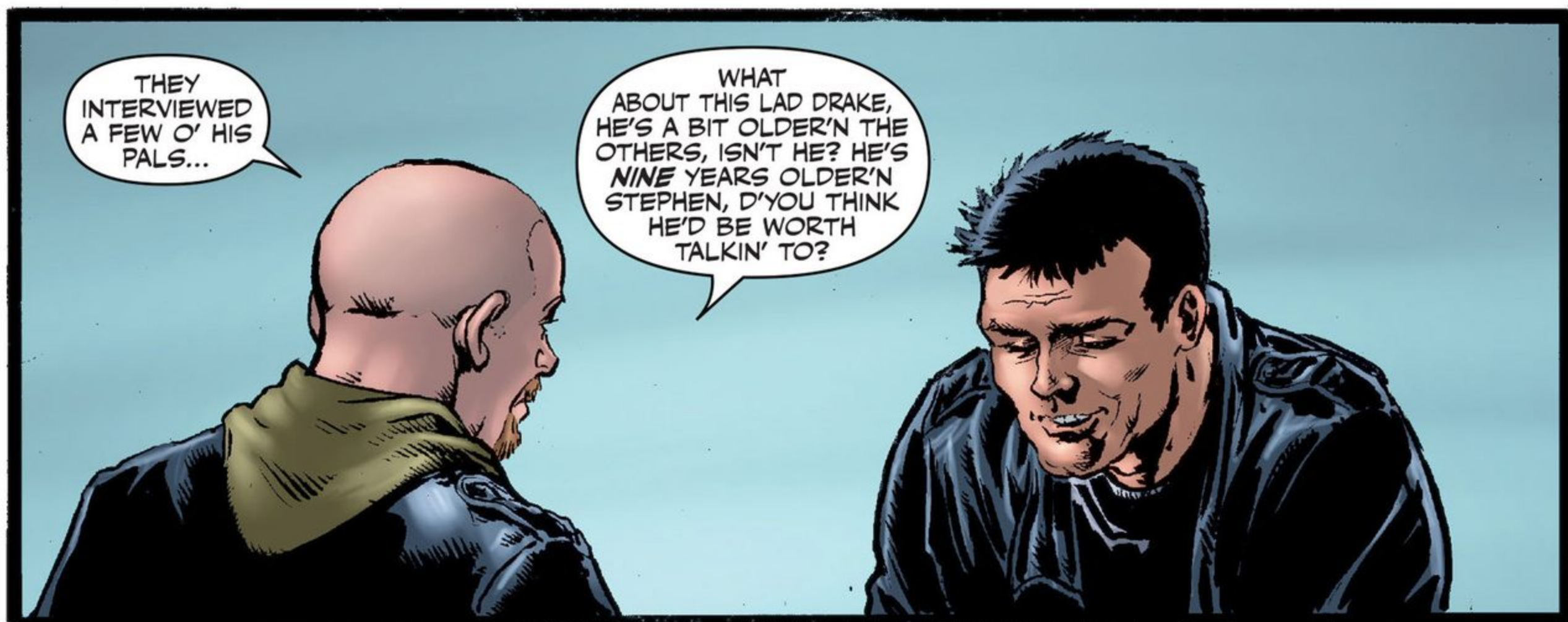
AN' NO MENTION OF SWINGWING, EITHER. HUH.

SHOULD WE...GO AN' TALK TO HIM?

NOT A BAD IDEA, EXCEPT I HAVEN'T A CLUE WHERE TO FIND THE CUNT.

THE OLD BASTARD WAS RIGHT, I AM A BIT OUTTA TOUCH...



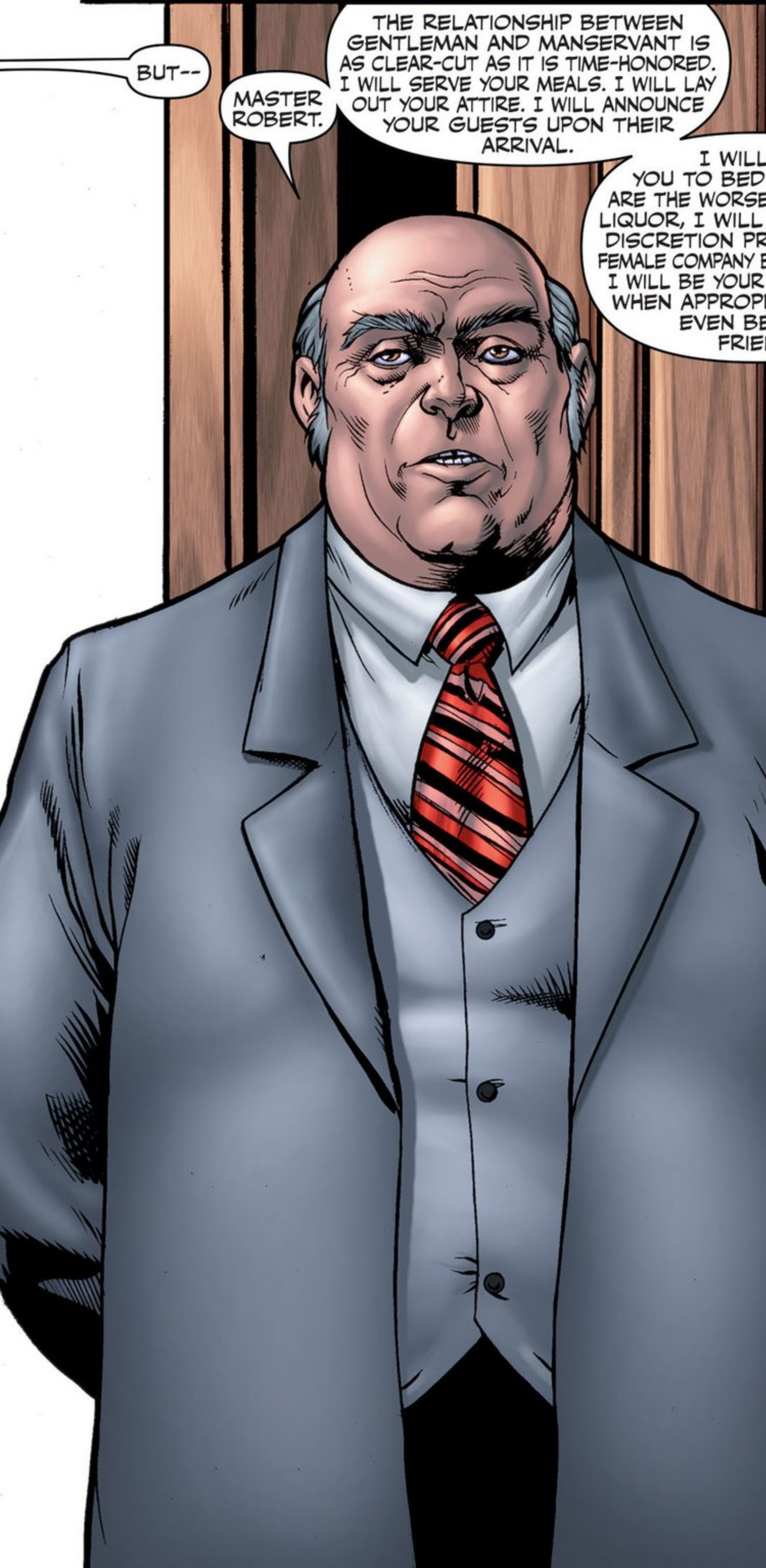






I COULD
PAY TO HAVE IT
SYRINGED...

NO
THANK
YOU.



BUT--

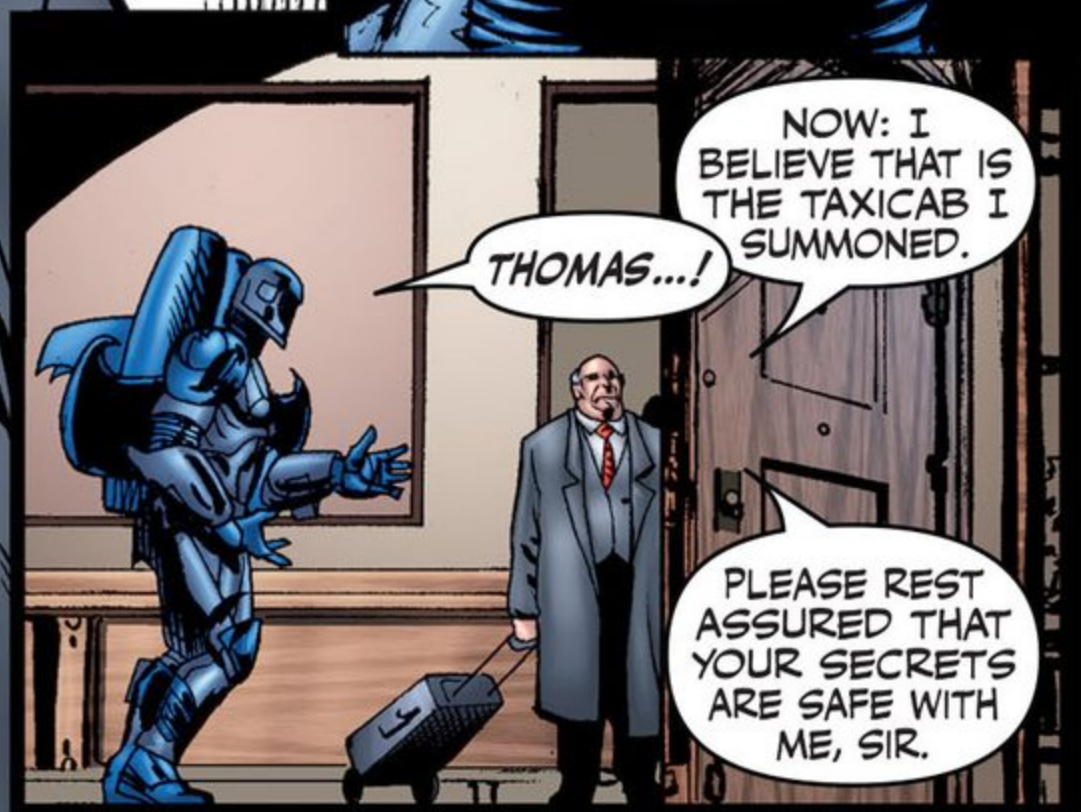
MASTER
ROBERT.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN
GENTLEMAN AND MANSERVANT IS
AS CLEAR-CUT AS IT IS TIME-HONORED.
I WILL SERVE YOUR MEALS. I WILL LAY
OUT YOUR ATTIRE. I WILL ANNOUNCE
YOUR GUESTS UPON THEIR
ARRIVAL.

I WILL PUT
YOU TO BED WHEN YOU
ARE THE WORSE FOR STRONG
LIQUOR, I WILL ENSURE THAT
DISCRETION PREVAILS WHEN
FEMALE COMPANY BECOMES UNRULY,
I WILL BE YOUR CONFIDANTE--
WHEN APPROPRIATE, I WILL
EVEN BE YOUR
FRIEND.



WHAT I WILL
NOT DO IS SUBJECT
MYSELF TO MANHANDLING
OR OPEN PHYSICAL ASSAULT;
MOST CERTAINLY NOT THE
UNSPEAKABLE OUTRAGE
THAT WAS RECENTLY
COMMITTED UPON MY
PERSON...



THOMAS...!

NOW: I
BELIEVE THAT IS
THE TAXICAB I
SUMMONED.

PLEASE REST
ASSURED THAT
YOUR SECRETS
ARE SAFE WITH
ME, SIR.



ALL YOUR
SECRETS.

SIR.

GOOD DAY
TO YOU.

Red Rooster



HERE--
HANG ON--!

IS
THIS A GAY
BAR?

FUCK,
WHATEVER COULD'VE
GIVEN YOU THAT
IDEA?

I'M
NOT GOIN' IN
THERE...!

WHY
NOT?

WAIT A
MINUTE, I'M A BASTARD
FOR CALLIN' 'EM FRUITS
OR WHATEVER, BUT YOU
WON'T EVEN SET FOOT
INSIDE A GAY BAR? YOU
FUCKIN' HYPOCRITE,
HUGHIE...!

NO, NO,
I DON'T--I
MEAN--

YOU'VE
NOTHIN' AGAINST 'EM
PERSONALLY? SOME
A' YOUR BEST FRIENDS
ARE GAY?

LOOK, I
JUST GET A BIT
FREAKED OUT BY
WHAT THEY DO,
OKAY...?



SO DOES ANY STRAIGHT BLOKE WILLIN' TO TELL THE TRUTH, MATE. BUT I DOUBT WE'RE GONNA WALK IN THERE AN' IT'S GONNA BE WALL TO WALL ARSE-SEX.



THEN AGAIN, WHO KNOWS? NICE, PRESENTABLE LAD LIKE YOU... SOME DIRTY OLD CHICKENHAWK IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE...

HA BLOODY HA!

SO THEY'RE FINE IN THEORY THEN, BUT THE REALITY'S A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT?



FUCKSAKE, D'YOU HAVE TO RUB IT IN SO MUCH?

YEAH, YOU'LL PROBABLY BE SAYIN' THAT AGAIN LATER ON.

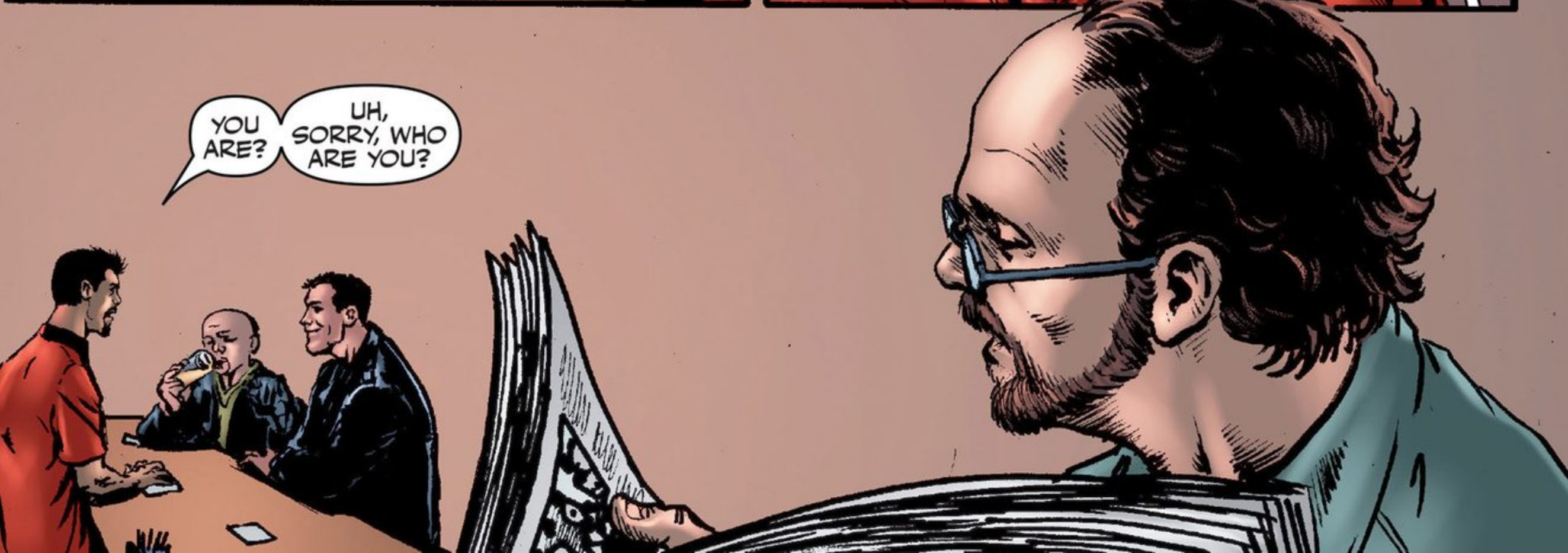
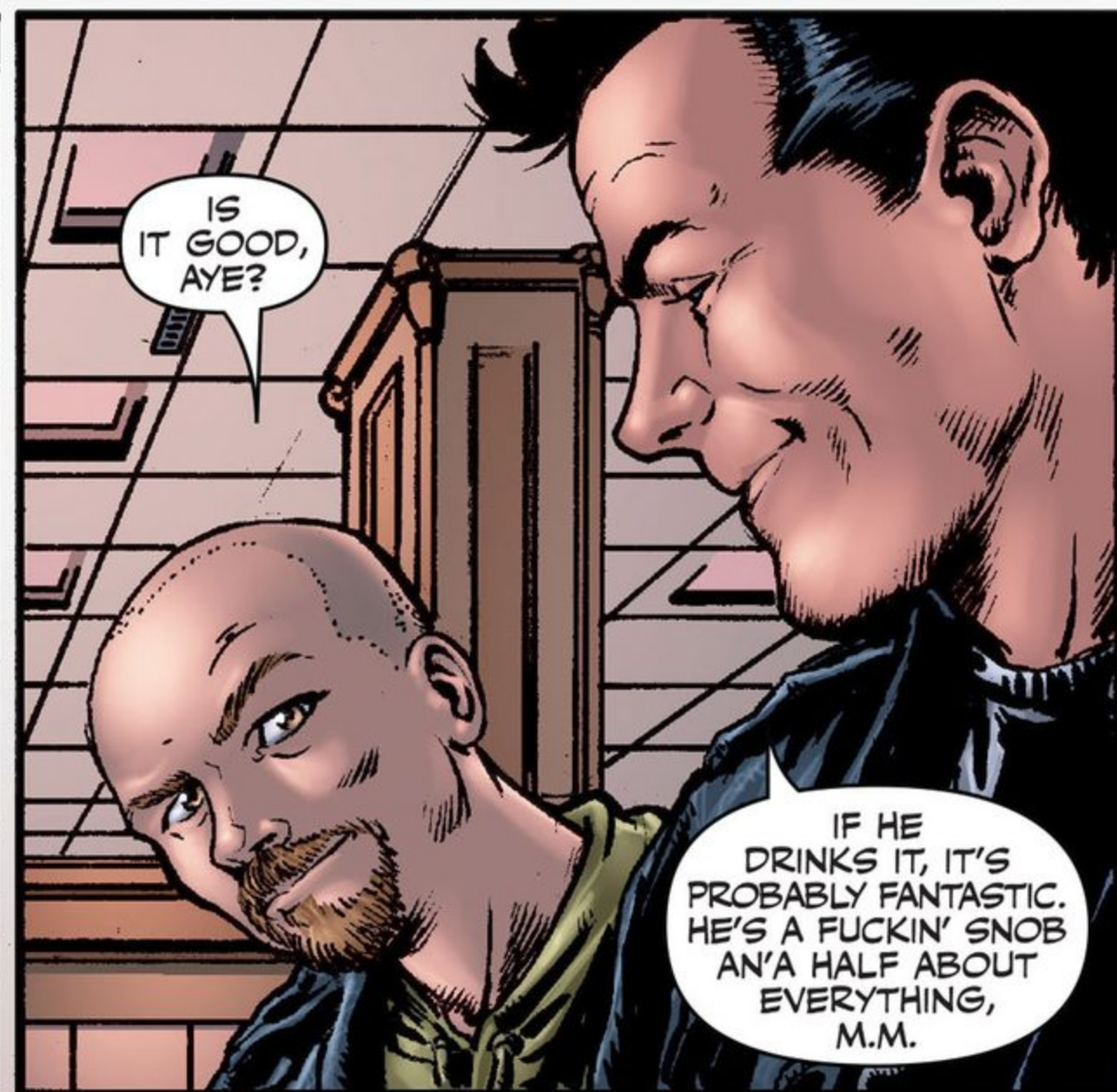
BUMS TO THE WALL...



HELP YOU?

CLUB SODA, MATE. WHAT ABOUT YOU, HUGHIE?

PINT O' STELLA.





BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT THE POLICE, NOT TALKING LIKE THAT.

WELL SPOTTED. NO, WE'RE LONDON C.I.D., ON EXCHANGE WITH A COUPLE OF N.Y.P.D. DETECTIVES. WE GOT CHELSEA AN' THEY GOT TOOTING.

RIGHT, I GUESS I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE THERE ACTUALLY IS A PLACE CALLED THAT...NEVER MIND THE IDEA THAT A COUPLE OF BRITS ARE INTERESTED IN A SIX-MONTH DEAD GAY KID.

THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT STEPHEN'S DEATH TO ME, FELLAS. JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR ON THAT.

UNDERSTAND YOUR SCEPTICISM.

BE HONEST WITH YOU, OUR AMERICAN COLLEAGUES DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CLUE WHAT TO DO WITH US. AN' CONSTABLE CAMPBELL HERE, HE HAS A LOT OF SYMPATHY WITH YOU LADS--HE THOUGHT LOOKIN' INTO STEPHEN'S CASE'D BE A WORTHWHILE USE OF OUR TIME.

SO I DUNNO, UNLESS YOU WANNA WAIT FOR A BETTER OFFER...

THAT RIGHT, CONSTABLE?

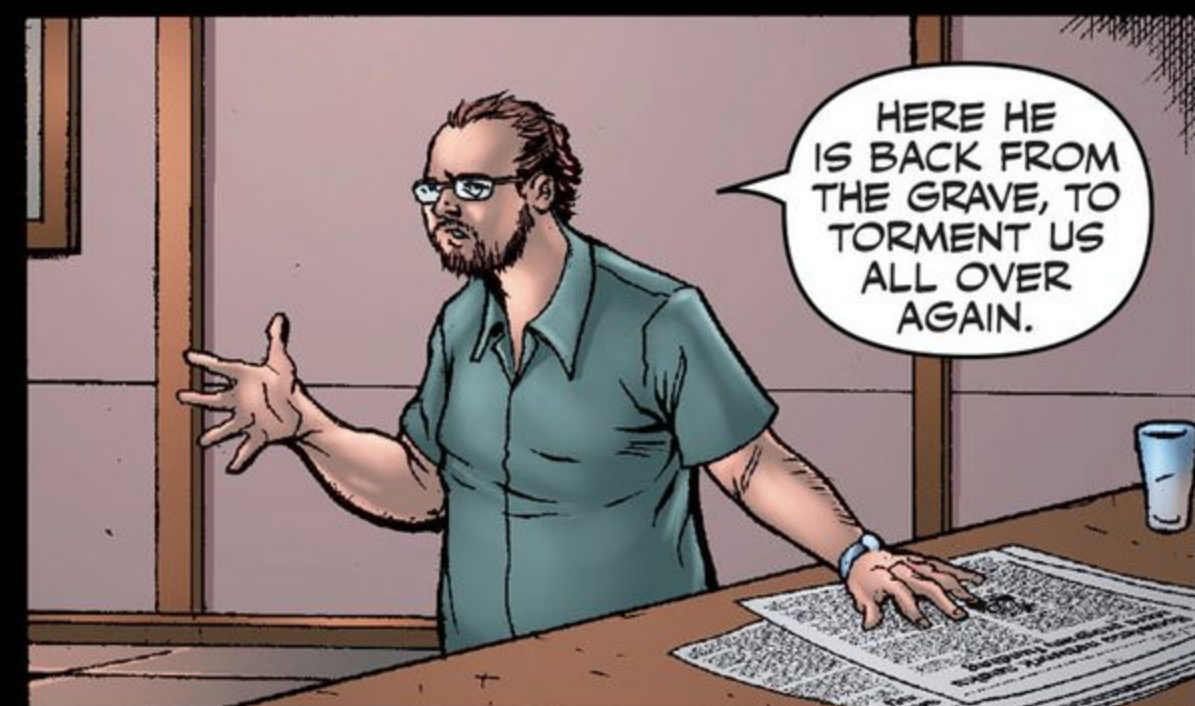
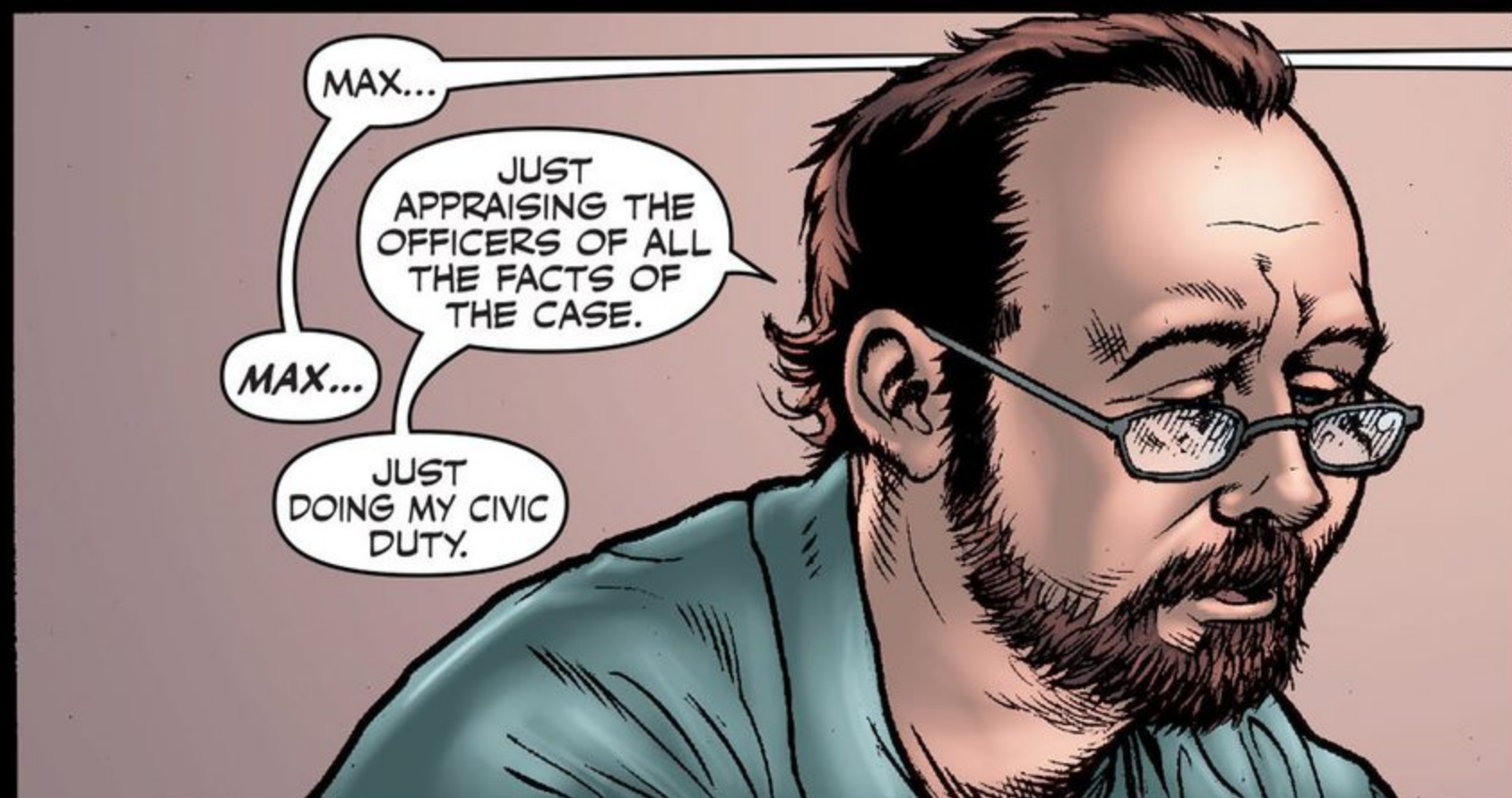
OH AYE.

SO WHAT DID YOU WANT TO ASK US LADS, EXACTLY?

WELL--
AHRM--WE WANTED TO SEE WHAT YOU KNEW ABOUT, UH, ABOUT SWINGWING...

WELL, THAT IS ORIGINAL, THE OTHER DETECTIVES DIDN'T EVEN MENTION HIM.

THEN AGAIN, THE QUESTIONS THEY WERE ASKING, ALL THEY WERE DOING WAS GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS. THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A WASTE OF TIME EVEN CONSIDERING THE IDEA OF MURDER.





HE'S A LITTLE OLDER THAN ME. HE SEES ME TALKING TO--

ACTUALLY, I'VE NO IDEA WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS...

WE'VE GOT THE SORTA FACES PEOPLE TRUST. DID YOU HAVE SOMETHIN' GOIN' WITH STEPHEN?

TESTING OUR THEORY, ARE WE?

NO. I MEAN HE KIND OF GLOMMED ONTO ME, AND I PROBABLY PLAYED UP TO IT A LITTLE BIT MORE THAN I SHOULD. HE WASN'T EXACTLY HARD ON THE EYE.

BUT ANYTHING ELSE...

YOU SAID HE WAS UPSET...HE WOULDN'TA BEEN, UH, HE WOULDN'TA MAYBE BEEN SUICIDAL...?

JESUS, NO. HE JUST HADN'T BEEN OUT LONG, HE HADN'T SAID ANYTHING TO HIS FOLKS. HE WAS AT A STAGE THAT MOST OF US GO THROUGH, THAT ISN'T A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT OF FUN.

I TALKED ABOUT IT WITH HIM. IT'S WHY HE WENT TO SEE SWINGWING, TOO.

WE WERE WONDERIN' WHERE HE CAME INTO IT...

STEPHEN READ HIS COMIC. SWINGWING'S THE GAY-FRIENDLY SUPERHERO, OR HADN'T YOU HEARD?

WE READ THE COMIC TOO.

HE COMES TO COMMUNITY MEETINGS NOW AND AGAIN. JUST LIKE THE COMIC, REALLY, SORT OF TALKING-TO-GAY-PEOPLE 101.

I SUPPOSE IT'S GOOD THAT THERE'S SOME KIND OF SUPERHUMAN RESPONSE; IT'S JUST A BIT FUNNY BEING LECTURED ABOUT CRYSTAL METH BY A GUY DRESSED UP LIKE A FUCKING LUNATIC.

THE OTHER ONE, NOW, HE HAD A SERIOUS PROBLEM. HE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET AWAY FROM US.

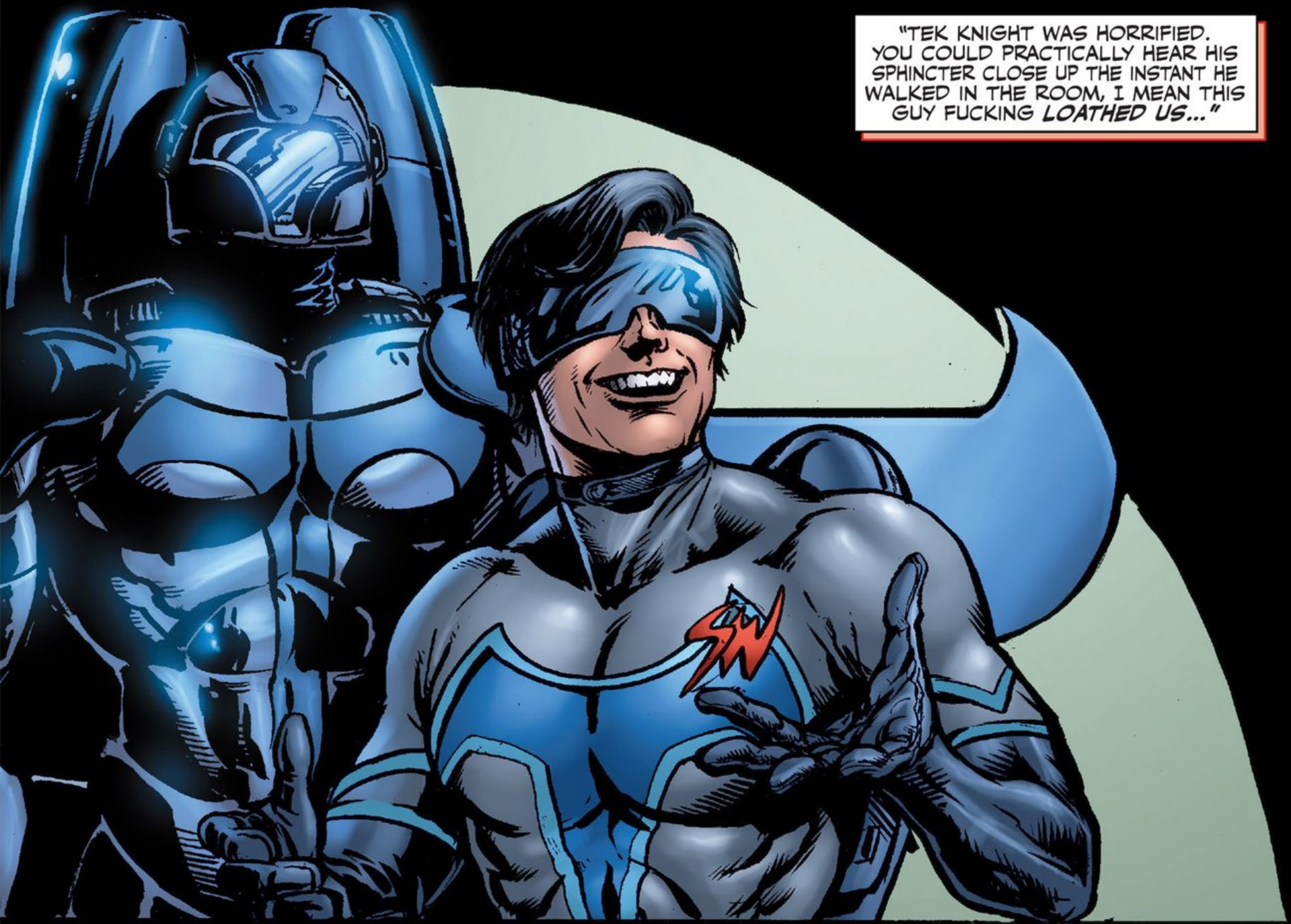
WHAT OTHER ONE?

TEK KNIGHT.



"SWINGWING BROUGHT HIM ALONG A COUPLE OF TIMES. SHOW HE WASN'T THE ONLY SUPE WHO CARED, THAT KIND OF THING.

"TEK KNIGHT WAS HORRIFIED. YOU COULD PRACTICALLY HEAR HIS SPHINCTER CLOSE UP THE INSTANT HE WALKED IN THE ROOM, I MEAN THIS GUY FUCKING LOATHED US..."



HOW COULD YOU TELL, WITH THAT DAFT BLOODY HELMET HE HAS ON?

YOU LEARN.

BELIEVE ME.

SO ANYHOW, STEPHEN TRIED TO TALK TO SWINGWING A COUPLE OF TIMES. I COULD TELL HE REALLY WANTED TO, BUT HE KIND OF GOT ELBOWED ASIDE--SWINGWING BEING NOT UNATTRACTIVE HIMSELF, IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN...

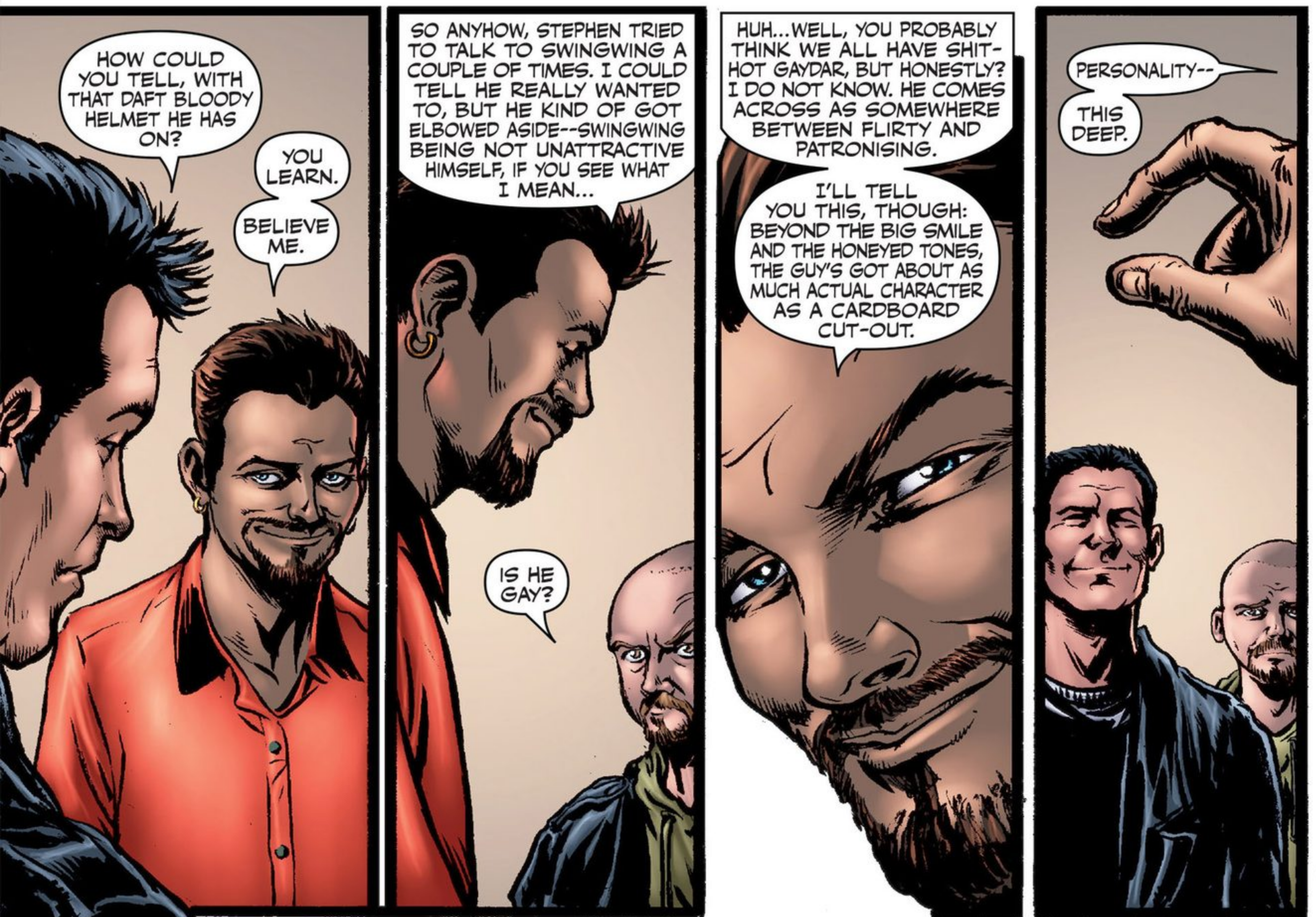
IS HE GAY?

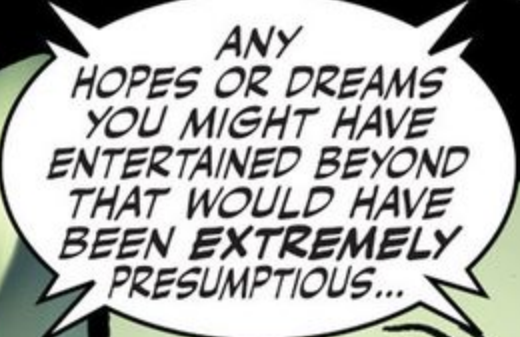
HUH...WELL, YOU PROBABLY THINK WE ALL HAVE SHIT-HOT GAYDAR, BUT HONESTLY? I DO NOT KNOW. HE COMES ACROSS AS SOMEWHERE BETWEEN FLIRTY AND PATRONISING.

I'LL TELL YOU THIS, THOUGH: BEYOND THE BIG SMILE AND THE HONEYED TONES, THE GUY'S GOT ABOUT AS MUCH ACTUAL CHARACTER AS A CARDBOARD CUT-OUT.

PERSONALITY--

THIS DEEP.







COME ON, THE POSITION'S FILLED, ANYWAY. YOU KNOW THAT.

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS PERMANENT, I...

I JUST HOPED, YOU KNOW? THAT'S ALL.

HOW THE HELL DID IT HAPPEN IN THE FIRST PLACE? I MEAN WHAT'S CAUSING IT?

I DON'T KNOW. I'VE BEEN RACKING MY BRAIN, IT... MIGHT HAVE BEEN WHEN WE WERE FIGHTING THE ZODOMITE, THOSE RAYS HE SHOOTS OUT...

IT'S A MYSTERY. A GRADE ONE, PRIMO, FULL-ON, EVEN THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE COULDN'T SOLVE THIS MOTHERFUCKER, MYSTERY...

WELL, RATHER YOU THAN ME, IS THE SUM TOTAL OF SAGE-LIKE WISDOM I HAVE TO OFFER ON THIS ONE. PLUS, IF PAYBACK DO EVER RELENT? STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME AT THE NEXT TITANIC TEAM-UP.

ALL RIGHT, LOOK: FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, I'M GOING TO THROW YOU A BONE. YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO TOLD US?

NOT THAT LITTLE. THINK ABOUT IT.

KLICK

YOU STILL THERE?

YES...

WHO?

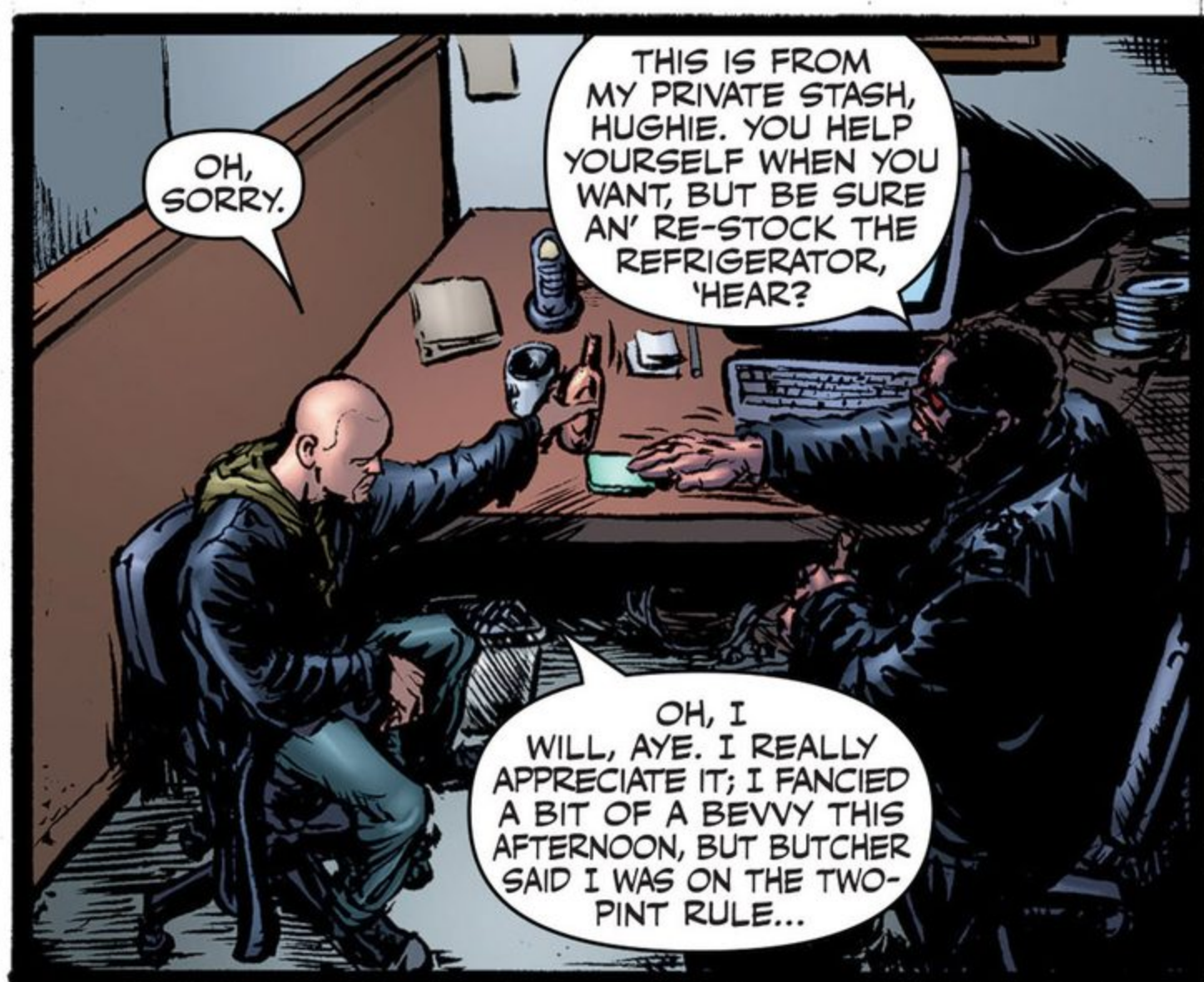
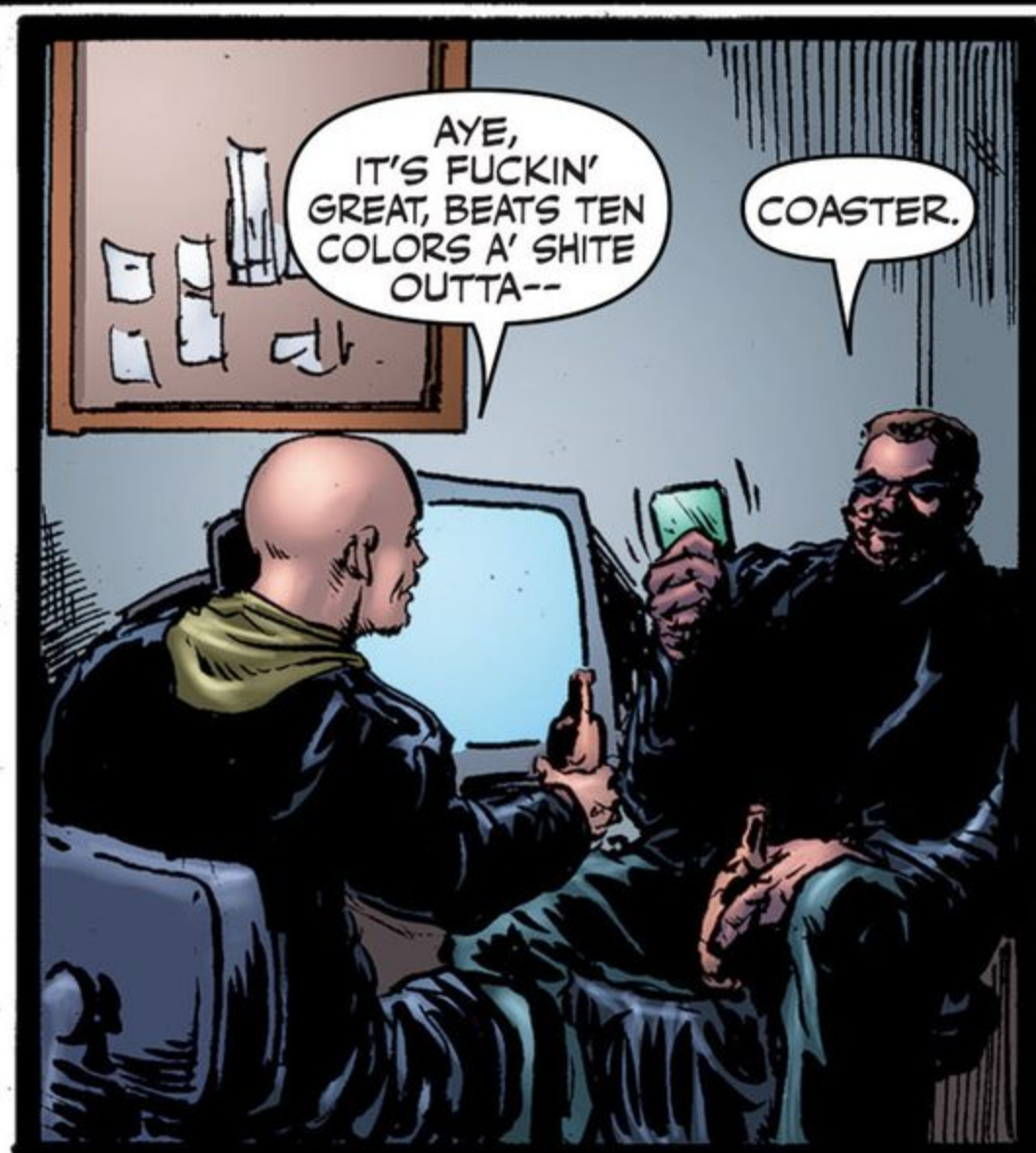
LITTLE FRIEND OF YOURS.

LADDIO?!

HMM.



...MOTHERFUCKER.





AIN'T A BAD RULE, WHEN YOU'RE WORKIN'. LEARNED THAT ONE IN THE MILITARY.

HE WAS IN YOUR ROYAL MARINES. I WAS A ARMY RANGER.

HE WAS A SOLDIER? OR YOU WERE?



AYE.

LOOK...YOU CAN TELL ME TO FUCK OFF IF YOU WANT, I MEAN IT REALLY IS NONE O' MY BUSINESS... BUT...

DID YOU EVER KILL ANYBODY?



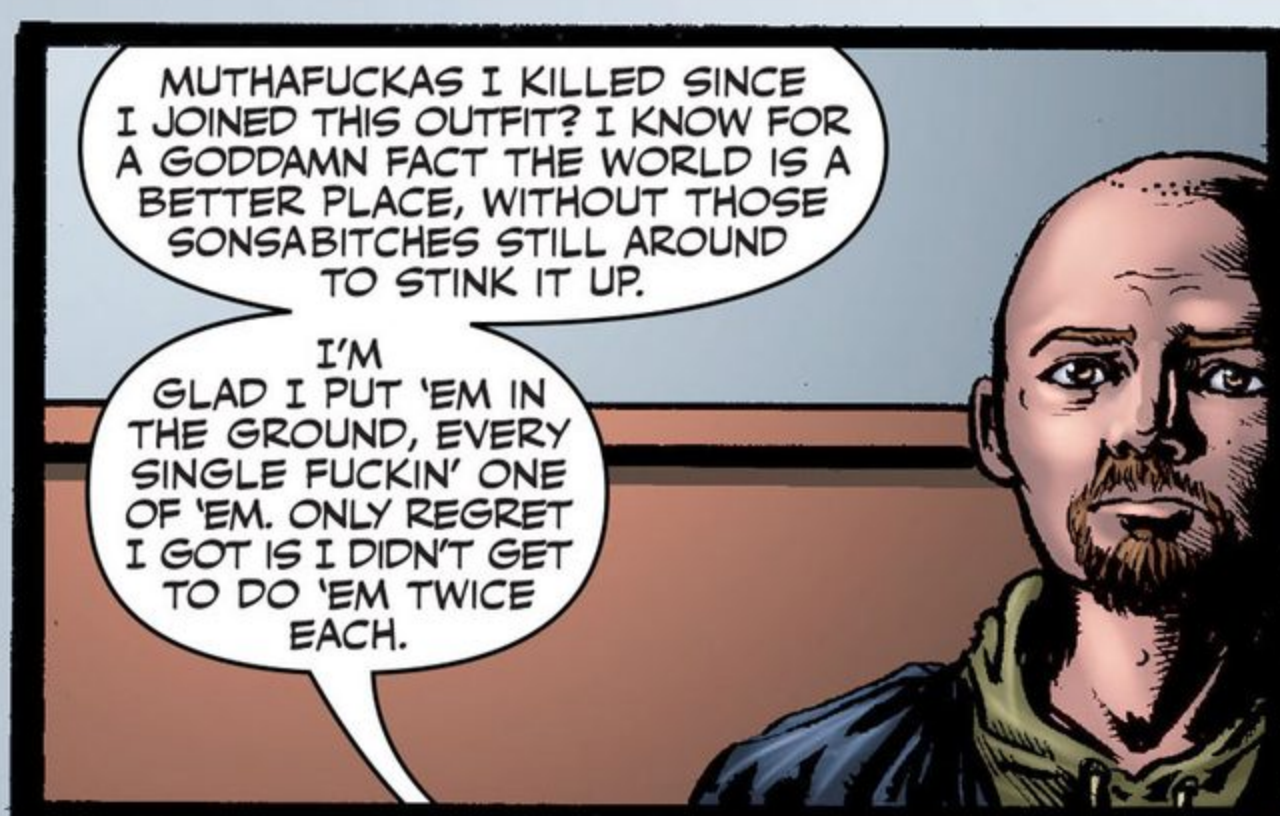
YOU'RE THINKIN' ABOUT THE BLARNEY COCK.

I CAN'T *STOP* THINKIN' ABOUT THE FUCKIN' BLARNEY COCK...!



YEAH, I KILLED SOME PEOPLE. YEAH, THEY'RE IN MY HEAD-- NO, THEY AIN'T COMIN' OUT.

DUDES I WASTED IN THE ARMY, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHO THEY WERE. TELL MYSELF IT WAS THE JOB, OR I HAD ORDERS, OR IT WAS THEM OR ME.



MUTHAFUCKAS I KILLED SINCE I JOINED THIS OUTFIT? I KNOW FOR A GODDAMN FACT THE WORLD IS A BETTER PLACE, WITHOUT THOSE SONSABITCHES STILL AROUND TO STINK IT UP.

I'M GLAD I PUT 'EM IN THE GROUND, EVERY SINGLE FUCKIN' ONE OF 'EM. ONLY REGRET I GOT IS I DIDN'T GET TO DO 'EM TWICE EACH.



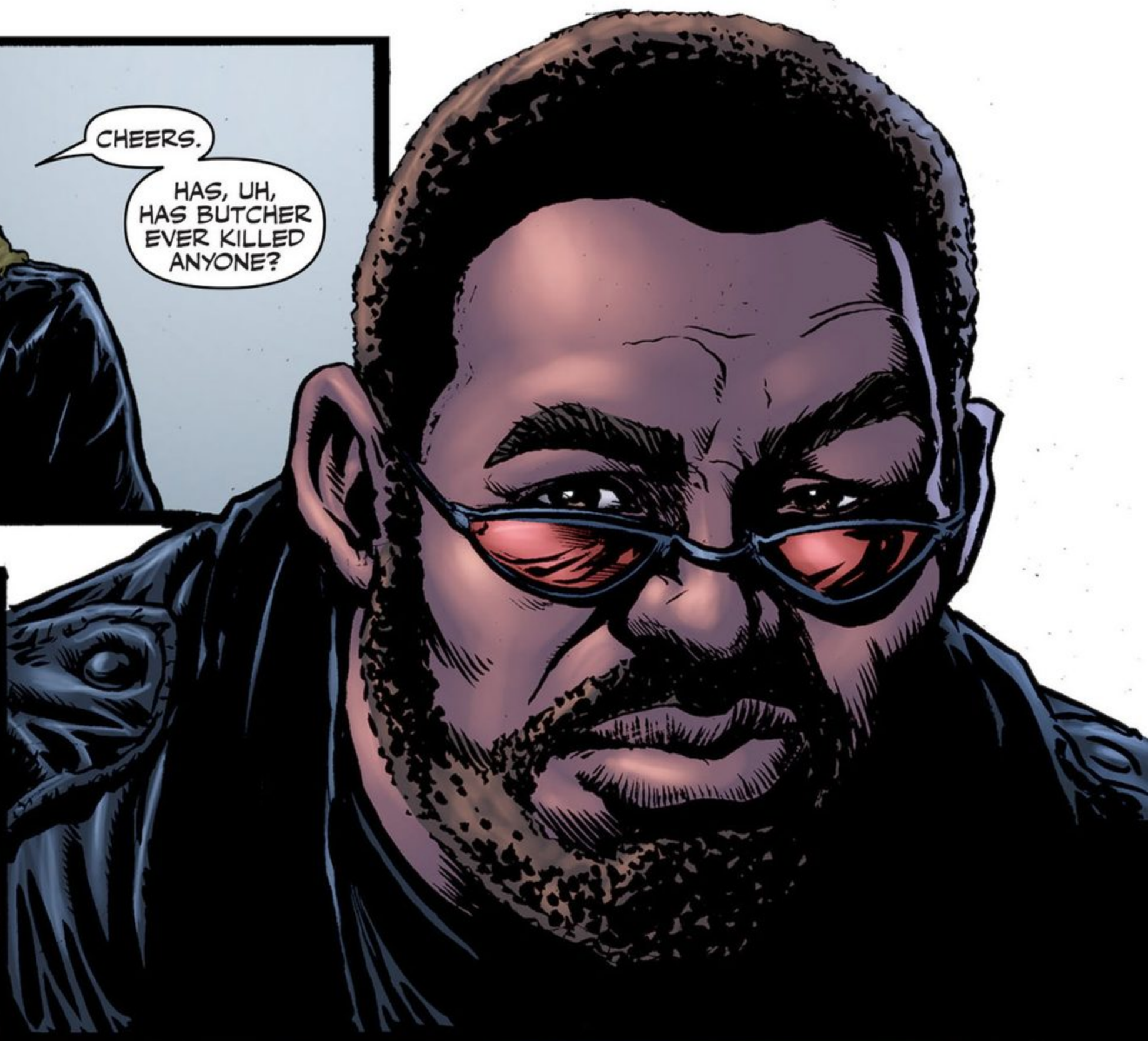
JINGS...

YOU WANNA 'NOTHER BEER?



CHEERS.

HAS, UH,
HAS BUTCHER
EVER KILLED
ANYONE?



UM.

HE
SLEEPS JUST
FINE, TOO.



YOU KNOW,
EVERY TIME I THINK
I'VE GOT HIM PEGGED,
HE DOES SOMETHIN' THAT
PUTS ME RIGHT BACK TO
SQUARE ONE. LIKE TODAY
IN THE GAY BAR, HE
COULDN'TA BEEN MORE
RELAXED W/ THESE
GUYS, MORE
NATURAL...

BUT IF YOU'D
TOLD ME BEFOREHAND,
I'DA SAID YOU WERE
DAFT. I'DA SAID THERE
WAS NO WAY HE'D EVEN'VE
SET FOOT IN A PLACE
LIKE THAT.



WHAT, 'CAUSE HE GOES AROUND
SAYIN'--WHAT'S THAT STUPID
GODDAMN WORD YOU FOOLS
HAVE INSTEADA FAG?

POOF?



POOF.
WANKER, NOBBER,
AUBERGINE, WHAT
THE FUCK IS UP W/ 'EM
YOU PEOPLE?

BUTCHER DON'T HATE GAYS, HUGHIE.
HE DON'T HATE ANYONE IF THERE AIN'T
NO POINT TO IT.

YOU WANNA
UNDERSTAND
THE MAN, THAT'S
ALL YOU GOTTA
KNOW RIGHT
THERE.





UH...

CHECK IT OUT:
YOU'RE EITHER A PROBLEM,
OR YOU CAN HELP HIM, OR
HE DON'T CARE. THERE AIN'T
NO ***SENSE*** GETTING' PISSED
AT SOMEONE 'CAUSE OF WHO
THEY FUCKIN', THAT'S
HOW HE SEES IT.



EVERYTHING HE DOES OR SAYS SERVES WHATEVER
IT IS HE GOT PLANNED. HE DON'T WASTE NOTHIN'--
NOT TIME, NOT WORDS, NOT EFFORT.

NOT EVEN A
GODDAMN SMILE,
HUGHIE.



ME, NOW,
I USEDTA HAVE
A SERIOUS
PROBLEM WIT'
FAGS...

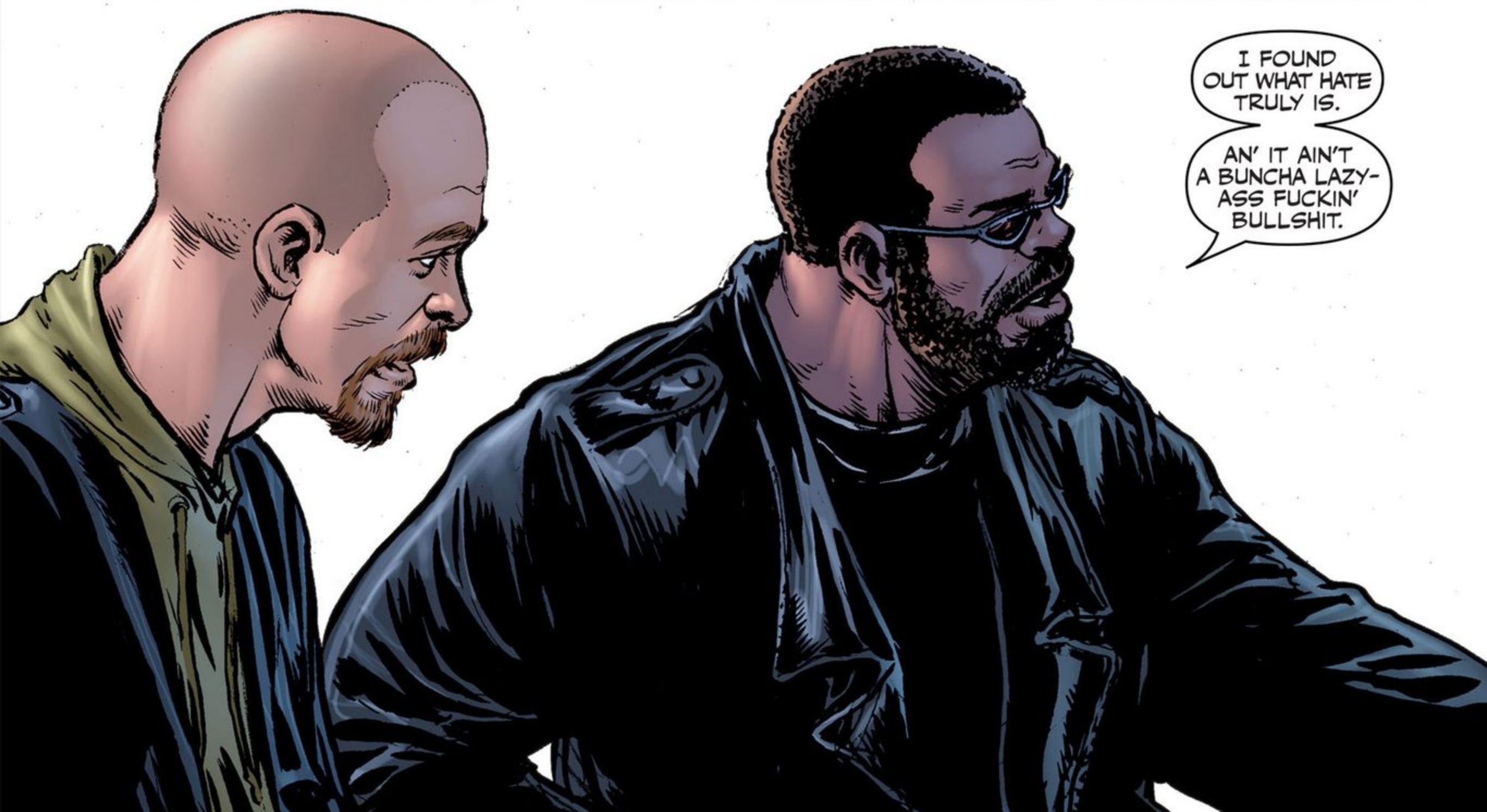
WHY?



PLACE
I GREW UP,
THAT WAS
JUST HOW
IT WAS.

THEY WERE
WEAK. THEY WERE
DISGUSTIN'. YOU HATED
THE MUTHAFUCKAS, OR
THERE MIGHTA BEEN
SOMETHIN' WRONG WIT'
YOU, TOO.

AN'
THEN, ONE
DAY?



I FOUND
OUT WHAT HATE
TRULY IS.

AN' IT AIN'T
A BUNCHA LAZY-
ASS FUCKIN'
BULLSHIT.



GOD, HAVE YOU SEEN SOME O' THESE HOUSES...?

WESTCHESTER, MATE. LOT OF OLD MONEY OUT HERE.

D'YOU READ THE REST A' THOSE COMICS, THEN?

EH? OH AYE.

THEY DIDN'T GET ANY BETTER, I'LL TELL YOU THAT FOR NOTHIN'.

WELL, SWINGWING YOU KNOW ABOUT, THEY'RE ALWAYS WRITIN' IN SOME CAUSE O' THE MONTH FOR HIM TO GET HET UP ABOUT. VERY POLITICALLY CORRECT, AN' ABOUT AS SUBTLE AS A BRICK THROUGH A WINDOW.

ANY IDEA HOW TO FIND HIM?

NAH. THERE'S ADS IN THE COMIC FOR H.I.V. CHARITIES AN' ALL-- I PHONED A FEW O' THEM, THEY SAID THEY ONLY DEAL WI' THE PUBLISHER.

LADDIO'S A DEAD END. ALL HE DOES IS FIGHT PEOPLE THE SAME SIZE AS HIM.

AN' TEK KNIGHT... TEK KNIGHT'S *BORIN'*. THEY HAVE HIM AS THIS DARK, DRIVEN AVENGIN' FELLA, BUT THEY ALWAYS PULL THEIR PUNCHES. AN' I MEAN THE SECRET IDENTITY...

YEAH, I KNOW. THEY DON'T EVEN BOTHER MAKIN' IT ALL THAT DIFFERENT TO THE REAL-LIFE ONE.

IT'S FUNNY, HE'S BEEN AROUND AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, BUT HE'S NEVER GIVEN US ANY REASON TO TAKE AN INTEREST. NOTHIN' DODGY, NOTHIN' DIRTY...FUCK, HE IS BORIN', ISN'T HE?

HMH.

HE'S THE ONLY ONE A' THE BIG BOYS WE NEVER WENT NEAR.



MORNING,
GUV. YOU WOULDN'T
HAPPEN TO BE THE
TEK KNIGHT, BY ANY
CHANCE?

I'm Serious...
This Is The Real
World.

N.Y.C. TAXI
4C20

FARE

next: DIRTY BUSINESS IN THE TEK CAVE